

# THE MONARCH OF MILLIONS

## OR THE RISE OF THE AMERICAN EMPIRE

BY GROSVENOR WILSON

This story is a condensation from the advance sheets of a satirical romance of an American Empire, written by Grosvenor Wilson, of New York, well known as a playwright, the author of "Nordeck," played by the late Frank Mayo. The complete book contains much happy philosophy of a politico-social order, besides the charming love story.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

In 1860 America is an Empire, whose foundation is wealth, with the hope for its national emblem and a multi-millionaire named Vangole, the Emperor. The Emperor's beautiful daughter, the Princess Sapphire, meets and loves a young cowboy named Demos, who is arrested for trespassing on ground reserved for the nobility.

Vangole, at his daughter's intercession, grants Demos one month in which to earn \$1,000,000. Should he succeed he may marry Sapphire. Should he fail he must be banished to the United States in trying to restore liberty to the nation.

Demos goes to New York to search for liberty. He appeals to patriotism and liberty. Sapphire advises him to tell people that liberty will prove a lasting investment.

CHAPTER I.

Liberty That Pays.

THE last week of the apostleship of Demos will be forever memorable in the annals of the American people.

Public opinion, an long silent, began to be heard again in the land. The nobles applied frequently to Vangole to suppress the agitator, but the Emperor merely laughed at their fears.

Those who knew him best suspected that Vangole was preparing a trap of some sort.

Whether he meant to enrich himself by the turn in popular feeling and by its results on the stock market, or whether some deeper plan underlay his seeming inaction, no one knew.

Affairs had reached this crisis when, one evening, another conversation took place between the Emperor and his lovely daughter.

"By the bye," he began, "how is your young man getting on?"

She thought before replying, and valiantly tried to study his face, over which shone an enigmatical smile.

"Demos is doing pretty well," she said at last, "as of course you know."

"He is certainly making headway," he admitted. "He has done well to follow your instructions, which were full of good sense."

She had risen, flushed, disheveled, panting, her glorious eyes ablaze.

"Whatever you have to tell me, hear in mind—I love him, and you shall not harm him. To tell him, you must first kill me. I will defend him with my life, my life."

Suddenly she burst into tears. "Oh, father," she sobbed, "be merciful."

He resumed his seat at his desk and sat facing her.

"Four weeks ago, when your young man first appeared, I was much annoyed, as you may remember. Harmless enough in himself, your passion for him made him a nuisance."

"My first impulse was to suppress him at once, when the idea came to me which I flatter myself is both grand and genuine—a worthy rounding out of my career."

"Does it affect my Demos?"

"Yes."

"Favorably?"

"Yes."

"Then whatever it is, I welcome it. My daughter, I am sure, will be fully satisfied with the glow of happiness."

"When I became Emperor a year ago it was not that I cared a rap for the title or the pomp of office. I had ruled the American people for a good many years as a private citizen and my assumption of official rank was solely in the interest of my fortune. It afforded me a plausible pretext for increased taxation, for the still closer consolidation of capital and the increase of monopolies. The change of government was a very easy matter, for the republican institutions had long been the empty form. Do you follow me?"

"What I want has all this to do with my Demos?"

"Patience! We are coming to that. I like the Emperorship as far as it goes, but I have the drawback. To maintain a constitutional empire you must have a nobility, and despite the most in genius precautions you cannot prevent your nobles from getting altogether too rich. I have long been trying to devise a way to clean the whole lot out at one stroke. That way I have found. Demos has unquestionably aroused public opinion. My emissaries are spread-

ing the teachings of Demos far and wide. On the first day of August there will be concerted uprising all over the Empire. Airships will bring to Washington millions of men who will demand the restoration of the Republic, and I shall abdicate."

"Abdicate?" she cried in amazement. "The effect will be a panic in every market in the world. Everybody will fear everything. Confidence for the being will vanish—money will be hoarded—prices will drop out of sight. Still I don't understand."

"Of course not, but you will when I tell you that I have said everything short to everybody. Pardon the Secretary, the judges, the nobles—all are long of everything they will be ruined utterly, wiped out—I shall get all they have and they will still be in my debt."

"Practically I shall own the entire national wealth," he said, "but they are too late. Any attempt on their part now to change their position would be utterly futile. I have reached the point where I don't wish matters to be anticipated. I shall play my imperial role as usual until the first of August."

"But may I marry him?"

"If it pleases you, child. As I shall be the only rich person left, money will cut no figure in your marriage."

"With a cry of joy she threw herself into her father's arms."

"Not a word of this to him till after the first of August," he said, to which she readily gave her promise."

During the next few days Vangole worked feverishly along this line, advising every one to buy and trying to restore public confidence."

The effort was futile, for every one was frightened at the trend of national feeling."

Even when the various Government officials were summoned off as usual there were absolutely no bids."

A British Ambassadorship, the Governorship of the Philippines, a Chicago Aldermanship—all went begging."

"The Emperor rose to his feet. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'I am forced to the conclusion that a spirit of disaffection is abroad. You certainly

which appeared insignificant. The boy's condition became serious, and Saturday Dr. Hart was called in. He immediately pronounced the ailment to be lockjaw, and advised the boy's removal to the hospital, where he was taken yesterday. This morning it was said he could not recover and was slowly starving to death. The police are looking for young Fowler."

**FEARS CHINA CRISIS.**

**President McKinley Cannot Receive Delegations at Canton**

Owing to Negotiations.

CLEVELAND, O., Sept. 17.—A special to the Evening Plain Dealer from Canton says:

"It has been definitely decided that President McKinley will not receive delegations during this campaign on account of the situation in the Orient. Delegations which were coming to Canton have been notified accordingly."

**13-YEAR-OLD BOY MISSING.**

The police have been notified to look for Harry Blum, thirteen years old, who has been missing since Sept. 8. He is 5 feet 11 inches in height, fair complexion, brown hair, freckled face and had blue knee pants.

custodian of the family farmhouse where my father, the original Vangole, was born, and where he likewise died."

"How touching!" murmured the others. "By the bye, what's your name?"

"The name I forgot, Massa Vangole. But I was wanted to Gen. Washington and looked to Gen. Grant. They call me the oldest inhabitant."

"We have frequently heard and read of you," said Parker. "How are Veritas, Pro Homo Publicus, Constant Leader and the rest of your interesting family?"

"Jests from our Swisscheese are jests indeed," observed the Emperor playfully. "But what brings you here?"

"Your Supreme Richness," answered an aged noble named Huckle Cage. "We are all men of means and have carefully studied your precepts and examples. It looks as if there were danger ahead, and we are inclined to go now."

"Danger?" repeated Vangole. "And if there be, do you not owe me allegiance? Am I not your head and trail? Would you leave me to fight alone and single-handed?"

"The question is irrelevant. I couldn't possibly be in your place. But of one thing be assured. Danger to the empire means danger to you all. It is only

by active, intelligent and unceasing operation that wealth can rule. Go forth, my friends, and buy—buy everything."

"We have bought," roared the noble throng.

"Buy more. Stretch your means to the limit, use your credit to the utmost. Remember that I, your Emperor, am still on top, and permit me, to add, extremely likely to remain so."

Once more the strange magnetism of the man subdued all opposition. Confidence was born again at the sound of the clear metallic voice. In the imperial presence to doubt seemed impossible, and the nobles gazed to their knees eager to transmit purchasing orders to the various speculative centers. Thus did the dexterous Vangole turn the very dissatisfaction of his subjects to his personal profit, as with firm hand he made all currents flow toward the center of the coming catastrophe.

Accompanied by Parker and the secretaries he repaired to the Cabinet room, at the door of which he found an aged negro waiting, of very venerable aspect. At the sight of the Emperor the old negro seemed overwhelmed with joy.

"Why, Massa Vangole, be cried, 'Massa Vangole, de libin' image of yo' fader.'"

"Hail! Who are you?" asked the Emperor.

"Den' yo' know de ole man who so often nussed yo' in his arms an' tole yo' stories of de guleagues?"

"Oh, it's you, is it?" said the Emperor, not unkindly.

"Gentlemen, this is an old retainer, the

believe was in covering up the accounts of the "friend" to whom he refers in his letter. Search is being made for the friend.

**BRONX NOT RELIEVED**

Water Still Short and Six Thousand Residents Get Only Night Supply.

Chief Engineer Birdall and Commissioner Dalton, of the Department of Water Supply, visited the Bronx today to see what effect the rain storm of Saturday night had in restoring the water famine of that borough. They found that while Manhattan had benefited by 1.50 inches of rain the Bronx had got only .75, so that the situation was not much relieved.

"There are still 6,000 houses in the Bronx," said Mr. Birdall, "that can get no water except at night. They are on high ground not reached by the water at its present pressure. We want four inches of rain at least to be of benefit, and eight inches to tide us over the danger point."

"Judging from past experience we may expect rain during the present month, or at least during the month of October."

The Bronx is now supplied with water from the Bronx and Braham Rivers, and the proposition is to connect it by means of a main with the Croton system. I hope we will get relief next month, but I am not a prophet."

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## HOW HE SAVED ME BUT LOST HIS LIFE.

Rescued Girl Tells Story of O'Donnell's Going Unflinchingly to Death.

BY MARION SNYDER.



Patrick O'Donnell Saved Her Life, but Lost His Own.

I live at Heidelberg, a mining town heard a shout. The other girls were near Carnegie, Pa. That I am alive

now is due to the bravery of Patrick O'Donnell. He is dead. He lost his life that I might live. He is buried in the hill that overlooks the borough.

We went to the funeral. Alice Gilchrist, Maggie Lynch and Julia McMillan. They were with me when he was killed and when I was sure that my time had come.

No knight of old ever did a nobler deed. His heroism had been shown before when he lost a leg trying to save a companion. He was then a brakeman in the Pittsburgh yards.

We girls passed him each day on our way to school. He was the flagman at Glen's crossing. It was on Wednesday last that the accident happened.

We had crossed the tracks so often, and Mr. O'Donnell was always out with his flag, that we did not look for danger. Maggie Lynch had just said something funny, and we were all laughing, when I

also a few facts on the same subject. We hear much nowadays about health foods and hygienic living about vegetarianism and many other fads along the same line.

Restaurants may be found in the larger cities where no meat, poultry or coffee is served and the food crank is in his glory and arguments and theories galore advanced to prove that meat was never intended for human stomachs, and almost make us believe that our sturdy ancestors who lived four score years in robust health on roast beef, pork and mutton must have been grossly ignorant of the laws of health.

Our forefathers had other things to do than formulate theories about the food they ate. A warm welcome was extended to an kind from bacon to acorns.

A healthy appetite and common sense are excellent guides to follow in matters of diet, and a mixed diet of grains, fruits and meats is undoubtedly the best.

As compared with grains and vegetables, meat furnishes the most nutriment in a highly concentrated form and is digested and is assimilated more quickly than vegetables and grains.

Nervous people, people run down in health and of low vitality should eat meat and plenty of it. If the digestion is too feeble at first it may be easily corrected by the regular use of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after each meal. Two of these excellent tablets furnish enough of the active principle to digest thousands of grains of meat, eggs or other animal food in three hours, and no matter how weak the stomach may be no trouble will be experienced if a regular practice is made of using Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets necessary to supply the pepsin and diastase necessary to perfect digestion, and every form of indigestion will be overcome by their use.

That large class of people who come under the head of nervous dyspepsia should eat plenty of meat and insure its proper digestion by the daily use of a safe, harmless digestive medicine like Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets composed of the natural digestive principles, pepsin, diastase, fruit acids and salts, which actually perform the work of digestion. Cheap caloric medicines masquerading under the name of dyspepsia are useless for indigestion as they have absolutely no effect upon the actual digestion of food.

Dyspepsia in all its many forms is simply a failure of the stomach to digest food and the sensible way to solve the riddle and cure the dyspepsia is to make daily use of meat time of a preparation like Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, which is endorsed by the medical profession and known to contain active digestive principles.

All druggists sell Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets at 50c for full treatment. A little booklet on cause and cure of stomach trouble mailed free by addressing F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich.

## MODEL DEAD; MYSTERY OF PUPILS WEEP. THE DEAD.

Mary McNamara, Pride of Greenwich Village, Stricken.

There is sadness in old Greenwich village today. Mary Margaret McNamara, lovable and perfect in every way, is dead. And under such exceptionally pathetic circumstances.

For weeks all the school children in the district that is known as "the village" had waited until Mary, who was ill, should get better again. And they brought her flowers and doves and left sweet little messages of love.

She did get better, and all had exulted to see her, and she was again one of themselves. But their joy was turned to sadness. Mary was suddenly stricken last day of the week.

Mary McNamara lived with her parents at 180 Greenwich street. Last June she contracted erysipelas while attending the new schoolhouse on Park street.

She recovered from this illness, it was thought, but last night her face began to swell, and her parents determined to summon a physician his morning. The child arose early and drank a cup of coffee. As she held the cup she sank to the floor and was dead when picked up.

The girl was known in old Greenwich village as a model child, and was pointed out by the mothers of other school children of the neighborhood as one whose example might well be followed.

When the school children parted today that she was dead many of them wept and all were sad.

F. W. VANDERBILT TO SAIL.

LONDON, Sept. 17.—The Oceanic, which is to sail from Liverpool on Wednesday for New York, will have among her passengers Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Vanderbilt, Mr. and Mrs. H. McKim, and Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard.

William McPherson, an orderly at the Metropolitan Hospital, Blackwell's Island, and the man in charge of the ward where Edgar French died last Thursday, went to the Morgue today and viewed the body of his late patient, over the identity of which there is a dispute.

The relatives of French say that the body at the Morgue is certainly not that of French, inasmuch as it does not bear the life scar and other inflexible marks which French had.

The orderly says that the body is certainly that of the man who was twice a patient in his ward under the name of "Edgar French." He was dismissed from the hospital on Aug. 27 by arrangement with Dr. Mills, a visiting physician who wanted French as one of his pupils. About three weeks ago the same man was readmitted.

Notwithstanding the orderly's positive statement French's relatives persist in their refusal to accept the body as that of their son. In what way the body there has been some talk of an inquest before French's admission to the hospital.

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